

Holmes County Republican.

J. CASKEY, Editor and Proprietor.

OFFICE—Washington Street, Third Door South of Jackson.

TERMS—One Dollar and Fifty Cents in Advance

VOL. 5.

MILLERSBURG, HOLMES COUNTY, OHIO, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1861.

NO. 27.

CALENDAR—1861.											
JAN.	FEB.	MARCH.	APRIL.	MAY.	JUNE.	JULY.	AUG.	SEPT.	OCT.	NOV.	DEC.
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Business Cards.
W. P. ELLISON. M. R. De SILVA.
ELLISON & De SILVA,
PROPRIETORS OF THE
ELLISON HOUSE.
Jackson Street
MILLERSBURG, OHIO.

J. G. BIGHAM, M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
RESPECTFULLY announces his readiness to give
prompt attention to all professional calls.
He is permitted to refer to the Medical Faculty of
the University of Michigan, and to the Medical Faculty
of the University of the City of New York.
Fredericksburg, Va., Sept. 28, 1859.—*Wm. H. Smith*

J. W. VORHES,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MILLERSBURG, OHIO.
OFFICE, one door East of the Book Store,
up stairs.
April 22, 1858.—*v2n35y1.*

G. W. RAMAGE,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON
HOLMESVILLE, O.
Respectfully informs the public that he has located
his office in the above village, for the practice of his
profession.
OFFICE four doors west of Reed's cor-
ner.
Aug. 4, 1859.—*v2n35y1.*

J. E. ATKINSON,
DENTIST,
MILLERSBURG, O.
IS NOW PREPARED to furnish to order all
the different kinds of Artificial Teeth, from one to an
entire set. Office on Main Street, two doors east of
Dr. Bolling's office, up stairs.
June 9, 1859.—*v2n35y1.*

DR. T. G. V. BOLING,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON
MILLERSBURG, O.
THANKFUL for past favors, respectfully
tenders his professional services to the pub-
lic. Office in the room formerly occupied by
Dr. Irvine.
April 15, 1858.—*v2n35y1.*

DR. EBRIGIT,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
MILLERSBURG, O.
Office on Jackson Street, nearly opposite the
Empire House.
Residence on Clay Street, opposite the
Presbyterian Church.

J. P. ALBAN,
DENTIST,
MILLERSBURG, O.
Artificial teeth
inserted on Gold,
Silver, Vulcanite
& Porcelain base.
Teeth Extracted,
Cleaned or filled—
Satisfaction war-
ranted.
Room at the "Ellison House."
Nov. 28, 1860.—*yl.*

BENJAMIN COHN,
DEALER IN
READY-MADE CLOTHING.
Of Every Description,
COR. OF JACKSON & WASHINGTON STS.,
MILLERSBURG, O.

PLAIN & FANCY
JOBBING PRINTING
OF ALL KINDS, NEATLY EXECUTED
AT THIS OFFICE.

CASKEY & INGLES,
DEALERS IN
BOOKS & STATIONERY,
MILLERSBURG, OHIO.

TO THE PUBLIC.
A. WAITS, having purchased Weller and
Judson's Improved Sewing Machine, is still on
hand to wait on the public in his line, for all purposes.
CALL AND SEE IT OPERATE.
Above Jan. Carey's Auction Room.
Sept. 20, 1860.—*n5md.* A. WAITS.

BAKER & WHOLE,
Forwarding and Commission
MERCHANTS,
AND DEALERS IN
SALT FISH, PLASTER, WHITE
AND WATER LIME.

PURCHASERS OF
FLOUR, WHEAT, RYE, CORN, OATS,
CLOVER AND TIMOTHY SEED,
AND
Butter, Eggs, Lard, Tallow and all kinds
of Dried Fruits.

WAREHOUSE, MILLERSBURG, O.
Sept. 18, 1856.—*41.*
E. STEINBAUER & CO.,
Produce & Commission
MERCHANTS,

Dealers in
Flour, Grain, Mill Stuff, Salt Fish, White and Water Lime,
Wheat, Rye, Corn, Oats, Seeds, Dried
Fruits, Butter, Eggs, Wool, &c.
M. M. SPEIGLE, Agent,
MILLERSBURG, O.
May 31, 1860.—*41.*

Poetry.

THE TWO VILLAGES.

Over the river, on the hill,
Lies a village white and still;
All around in the forest-trees
Shiver and whisper in the breeze;
Over smiling shadows go
Of soaring hawk and screaming crow,
And mountain grasses, low and sweet,
Grow in the middle of every street.

Over the river, under the hill,
Another village lush and still;
There I see in the cloudy night
Twinkling stars of household light,
Fires that gleam from the smithy's door,
Mists that curl on the river shore;
And in the roads no grasses grow,
For the wheels haste to and fro.

In that village on the hill
Never is sound of smithery or mill; [For:
The ones are tucked 'd with grass and food:
Never a clock to toll the hours;
The marble doors are always shut,
You cannot enter in hall or but;
All the villagers lie asleep;
Never a grain to sow or reap;
Never in dreams to moan or sigh;
Silent and idle and low they lie.

In that village under the hill,
When the night is starry and still,
Many a weary soul in prayer
Looks to the other village there,
And weeping and sighing, longs to go
Up to that home from this below;
Longs to sleep in the forest wild,
Whither have vanished wife and child,
And hark, praying this answer fall:
"Patience! that village shall hold ye all!"

Miscellaneous.

A RACY STORY.

A Souvenir of a Vengeance.

In 1745, said Doctor Taifer, I was at-
tached as principal assistant surgeon to the
Military Hospital at Constantina. The
hospital is built on a rock of three or four
hundred feet in height. It overlooks at
once the city, the Governor's palace, and
the immense plain which stretches far as
the eye can see. No noise, not a mur-
mur, troubled the quiet of my studies un-
til the hour when the drum and trumpet
called our men to the barracks. Garrison
life had no charms for me. I fancied nei-
ther absolute nor comparative. At the time
of which I speak that was called as being
lacking in *esprit de corps*, but I cared not.
I occupied myself with my studies, my pa-
tients, and my prescriptions.

No one cared to criticize my taste, save
a certain lieutenant of volunteers, named
Castagnac. As I was alighting from my
coach, on my arrival at Constantina, a voice
behind me exclaimed: "I'll wager that you
are our new surgeon." I turned and found
myself in presence of an Infantry officer,
long, lank, awkward, a red nose. This was
Lieutenant Castagnac. He extended his
hand, saying: "You are welcome, doctor.
Delighted to make your acquaintance.—You
are tired—is it not so? Let us go in
—I'll present you to the circle."

The "circle" at Constantina means al-
ways the bar-room, the restaurant of the
officers.

We entered, for how could I resist the
sympathetic enthusiasm of such a man.—
And moreover, I had read *Gil Blas*.
"Waiter, two glasses. What's yours,
doctor? cognac? rum?"
"No—curee."

"Curee! Why not parait-amour?—
You have a queer taste. Waiter, absinthe
for me. Your health, doctor."
"Yours, Lieutenant."

Useless, perhaps, to say that this inter-
view did not particularly charm me. But
I made the acquaintance of many officers
of the same regiment who laughed much
with me at Castagnac. One of them,
named Raymond Duterte, told me that on
his arrival at the barracks, Castagnac had
made him drink as well as myself, and that
not liking practical jokes, a duel had en-
sued, in which he had wounded Castagnac.

Toward the middle of June, an epidem-
ic broke out at Constantina. The hospi-
tal received not only soldiers but a large
number of citizens. Among my patients
were Castagnac and Duterte. The former
had *delirium tremens*, and the only intelli-
gible phrase he uttered, was "Fatima! Oh!
Fatima!"

This made me presume that the poor
fellow, crossed in love, might have had re-
sort to stimulants to drown his grief. This
thought inspired me with pity for him.—
One day, in a moment of consciousness, he
asked me:

"What did I say, doctor? Have I said
anything?"

"No, lieutenant."

"I must have been raving. Don't de-
ceive me."

"Did you suppose I would remember
what you would rave about? If you like,
I'll jot down what you say."

He looked at me a moment steadily,
then, dropping on his pillow, murmured,
"A glass of absinthe would do me good."

One morning, as I was entering Castag-
nac's rooms, my friend, Raymond Duterte,
accompanied me.

"Doctor, I'm going to ask a favor of
you."

"Willingly, my dear fellow, if possible."

"The favor is to give me a permit to go
out for the day. I think I'm getting
well."

"The fever prevails in the city, and I
don't want to subject you to a relapse."

"Give me two hours."

"Impossible! Don't insist. It would be
useless. I know how dull you must be
—your impatience to breathe the fresh air
—but you must be quiet."

"You are resolved?"

"Entirely. Wait eight days and then
we will see."

He went away in a bad humor. I en-
tered Castagnac's room and accosted him.

"How are you this morning?"

"Quite well. Was not that Raymond
you were talking to?"

"Yes."

"What did he want?"

"He said nothing more, but a vague ap-
prehension seized me. That night one of
my patients died, and I had his body con-
veyed to the dissecting-room. For two
hours, I proceeded with my work without

interruption. It came to be eleven o'clock,
and fatigued with my labor, I was looking
out of the window, when I saw a flock of
carion birds, evidently waiting for my de-
parture to seize upon their prey. Fright-
ened at the sight, I motioned them away.
They obeyed my signal. At the same mo-
ment a noise broke upon my ears.

Between the entry that Castagnac's
room led out of, between the precipice and
the wall, there was a staircase; not more
than a foot wide, covered with broken bot-
tles and vessels.

"Why hasn't the sentinel seen that man?"
I thought. "In a moment he'll fall."

Instantly I heard the voice of Castagnac
shouting out, "Raymond, where are you
going?"

I heard a fall—a groan—then all was
still. Then a burst of laughter, then a
closing of a window.

For twenty minutes I remained immov-
able—a cold sweat exuding from me. I
went to bed, but found sleep impossible.

I had need of repose, but my emotions
kept me awake. I was convinced that
Castagnac had perpetrated a crime, and in
my mind's eye I fancied I could see the
terrible drama enacted. But Morpheus
prevailed at last, and I fell into a slumber
at about three o'clock. When I awoke it
was daylight; the high wind of the night
before had lulled, and the clear sky and
delightful breeze made me almost doubt
my memory and think I had had a bad
dream.

Strangely enough I felt a kind of fear
about verifying my impressions. I went
to fulfill my duties, and it was only after
having visited all my patients that I went
to the room of Duterte. I knocked at his
door—no reply. I opened it—he was not
there. I called the servants, and asked
where Lieutenant Duterte was. No one
had seen him since the night before.

Summoning all my courage I entered
Castagnac's room. A glance at the win-
dow showed that two panes of glass were
broken. I said as coolly as I could:

"Something of a wind last night, eh,
lieutenant?"

Looking quietly up from a book he was
reading, he answered:

"I should think so—look at my broken
window."

The chamber, lieutenant, seems to be
more exposed than the others—or perhaps
you left the window open?"

The muscles of his face contracted al-
most imperceptibly.

"No," said he looking at me with a
strange air, "it was shut."

"Ah!" Then approaching him to feel
his pulse, "And your health—how are you
to-day?"

"Not very better."

"You seem better—a little nervous. In
fifteen days you will be well, lieutenant, I
promise you. Only then try to govern
yourself—no wine."

Despite the pleasant tone I affected, my
voice trembled. To touch his hand was
to me like touching a reptile. And his
searching eye never left me. However, I
continued talking. Just as I was going, I
said, as if a sudden thought had struck me:

"By the way, Lieutenant, Duterte hasn't
been to see you?"

"Ah!" Then he looked at me with a
strange air, "It was shut."

"No one has been to see me—no one."

"He took up his book, and I left the
room convinced of his crime, but unbeli-
vably I had no proofs. If I denounce him,
I thought—he will deny the charge, and
what testimony can I produce! None! My
own evidence will not suffice. All the
odium of the accusation fall on me, and I
shall have made a terrible enemy. I re-
solved to wait and quietly watch Castag-
nac, sure that in the end he would betray
himself. I went to the commandant and
simply informed him of the disappearance
of Lieutenant Duterte.

The next day some Arabs informed us
that they had seen on their way to Phila-
delphi, a uniform hanging to a rock, and
that birds of prey were flying round it in
thousands, filling the air with their cries.
This led us to find the remains of Duterte.

The officer of the garrison talked of the
affair for two or three days and then
changed the subject. My position, in the
midst of this general indifference was pain-
ful, silence weighed upon me like remorse.

The sight of Castagnac excited in me an
indignation, a sort of insupportable re-
pulsion. He often looked at me as if he
would read my soul. He suspects some-
thing, I thought; if he verifies his suspi-
cions, I am lost, for he would stop at no-
thing.

These ideas imposed upon me an intol-
erable constraint, but Providence came to
my aid. One day I was about to go in
the city at three in the afternoon, when a
corporal brought me a letter he had just
found in a coat of Duterte's.

"It is from a Moorish girl named Fatima,"
said he, "and I thought it might interest
you."

The letter was very brief, and simply
appointed a time and place for a rendez-
vous. But what a revelation in the signa-
ture!

"So then," I thought, "that was Castag-
nac's exclamation in his delirium, 'Fatima!'
O Fatima! This woman lives. Perhaps
she loved Duterte. It was to go to this
rendezvous that Duterte asked permission
to leave the hospital. Yes—the note is
dated July 3d. Not being able to go by
day he risked the night, and Castagnac
awaited him."

I soon found myself in front of Arab
house. The door was open and I saw one
Sidi Houmaim making coffee. I had
once cured him of a malignant disease, and
he was very grateful to me. I entered and
found five or six of his neighbors smoking
their chibouks. He offered me a cup of
coffee and a pipe. Time flew slowly away,
and at six o'clock a bell summoned my
guests to prayers, and I was left alone
with Sidi Houmaim.

"Seigneur Taleb," said he, "what brings
you to my humble abode? How can I
serve you."

"By making me acquainted with Fatima."

"Fatima, the Moorish girl?"

"The same."

"Seigneur Taleb, in the name of your
mother do not see that woman."

"Why?"

"She is the destruction both of the faith-
ful and of the unbelievers. She possesses
a charm which kills—do not see her."

"Sidi Houmaim, my resolution is taken.
Fatima possesses charm, but I possess a
greater charm. Hers gives death, but
mine gives life, youth, beauty. Tell her
that, Sidi Houmaim; tell her that old
age and wrinkles vanish at my approach;
tell her that the apple of Heva—that ap-
ple which has condemned us all to die since
time began—I have found the seeds of it,
I have planted them and have produced
the tree of life, whose savory fruits give
eternal youth. Let her taste it, and be
she old, be she ugly as a sorceress, her
wrinkles will disappear, her skin become
white and soft as silk, her lips rosy and
perfumed as the queen of flowers."

"But, Seigneur Taleb," cried the Mus-
sulman, "Fatima is not old. On the con-
trary, she is young and beautiful; so beau-
tiful that a sultan might be proud of her."

"I know it—she is not old but she may
grow old. I wish to see her. Sidi Hou-
maim, remember your promises."

"Since such is your will, Seigneur Taleb,
return here at this time to-morrow. But
remember what I say to you—Fatima
makes a bad use of her beauty."

Be tranquil—I wish not to forget it."

I was punctual the next day to my ap-
pointment. I set out with him, and, leav-
ing the main street, we walked into a lit-
tle street called Suma-street, where two
persons can not walk abreast, and devoted
principally to miserable little shops. In
one of the labyrinthine crooks and turns
of this street Sidi Houmaim stopped be-
fore a low door and knocked.

"You will follow me, you will serve
me as an interpreter," I said to him in a
low tone.

"Fatima speaks French," he answered,
without turning his head.

At the same moment the shining face of
a negress appeared at the door. Sidi Hou-
maim and some words to her in Arabic.
The door was opened and suddenly shut af-
ter me. The negress had gone out through
a side door which I had not seen, and Sidi
Houmaim remained in the street.

After waiting some minutes, I began to
grow impatient, when a door opened on
the left, and the negress who had intro-
duced me made a sign to enter. With a
few steps I found myself in a corridor, out
of which many doors opened. The neg-
ress led me into a parlor, richly hung with
silk curtains of Moorish design. The room
was elegantly fitted up, but my attention
was mainly attracted by Fatima herself,
who was seated upon a divan—a beautiful
woman, elegantly dressed.

For some seconds she looked at me at-
tentively, and then smiling, said carelessly:
"Enter, Seigneur Taleb. Sidi Houmaim,
warned me of your visit. I know the mo-
tive which brings you. You are very good
to interest yourself in poor Fatima, who is
growing old, for I will soon be seventeen
—seventeen the age of tardy repentance.
Well, Seigneur Taleb, sit down and be
welcome. You bring me the apple of
Heva; is it not so? The apple which gives
youth and beauty—and poor Fatima has
need of it."

I know not what to reply; I was con-
fused; but suddenly recalling the motive
which had brought me, though the effect
of an extreme reaction, I became as cold
as marble.

"Your railway is graceful, Fatima," I re-
plied, taking a seat on the divan. "I had
heard you well praised no less than your
beauty. I see it was told the truth."

"Ah! and who told you?"

"Duterte."

"Yes, Raymond Duterte, the young of-
ficer—he whom you loved, Fatima."

Her eyes assumed a look of surprise.

"Who has told you that I loved him?"

"He has looking at me with a strange air."
"It was false. Was it he who said it?"

"No, but I know it. This letter proves
it—the letter which you wrote to him, and
which was the cause of his fate, for it was
to meet you that he risked his life."

Hardly had I pronounced these words
when the Moorish girl rose suddenly, a
fire gleaming in her eyes.

"I was sure of it," she exclaimed. "Yes
when the negress informed me what had
happened, I said to her, 'Aïssa, is it he
who did the deed. It is he. O, the
wretch!'"

And as I looked at her, stupefied, know-
ing not what to say, she approached me
and said in a low voice:

"Will he die? Do you think he will
die soon? I would wish to see him be-
headed."

She had seized me by the arm, and I
shall never forget the expression of her face.

"Of whom do you speak, Fatima?" I
asked, "Explain yourself. I do not under-
stand."

"Of whom? Of Castagnac. You are
Taleb at the capital—give him poison.—
He is a villain. He forced me to write to
the officer to come here, for I did not wish
to. The young man had long pursued me,
but I knew that Castagnac was his enemy.
Then when I refused he threatened to
come out of the hospital to beat me if I
did not write immediately. Here—here
is his letter. I tell you he is a villain!"

It would be unpleasant to me, my dear
friends, to repeat all that Fatima told me
of Castagnac. Suffice it that after
seducing her he had corrupted her. Nay
more, he often beat her.

I left her house and found Sidi Hou-
maim awaiting me at the door.

"Beware, Seigneur Taleb, you are very
pale. The bad angel is hovering over your
head."

I grasped his hand and replied, "Fear
nothing."

My mind was resolved. Without losing
a moment I went to the hospital and
knocked at the door of Castagnac.

"Come in."

My expression probably announced
nothing good, for he rose suddenly on see-
ing me.

"Ah! it is you?" he said, forcing him-
self to smile. I did not expect you."
My only reply was to show him the let-
ter he had written to Fatima. He grew
pale, and after looking at it a moment was
about to throw himself upon me, but I
stopped him with a gesture.

"If you stir one step," I said, drawing
my sword, "I will kill you like a dog!"
You are a wretch. You killed Duterte—
I know it! Do not deny it. Your con-
duct toward this woman is shameful.—
That a French officer should descend to
such a degree of infamy! Hear me. I
ought to give you up to justice, but your
dishonor would reflect upon us all. If you
have any courage left, kill yourself. I
give you till to-morrow. To-morrow at
seven o'clock, if I find you alive, I will my-
self lead you to the commandant."

Having said this I left him without
waiting his reply, and went to give orders
to the guard to prevent Lieutenant Castag-
nac from leaving the hospital under any
pretext. I recommended a very particular
watch to the porter, holding him respon-
sible for all that might happen in case of
negligence, and went to my dinner as if
nothing had happened.

Since Castagnac's crime was fully proved
to me, I felt myself implacable. Duterte
cried to me for vengeance.

After dinner I purchased a powdered
turban, such as our Spaniards carry at night,
and went to the hospital. Time flew away.
The guard had been twice relieved, when
I suddenly heard rapid and furtive steps
up the staircase, behind the door of which
I had placed myself. There was a knock
at the door, I did not answer. A hand
seemed to seek the key.

"It is Castagnac," I said to myself.
Two seconds passed.

"Open!" a voice exclaimed.

I was not deceived—it was he. I lis-
tened—then he attempted to force the
door. Then there was a silence. Then
something fell from above. It was in-
tended for me; but I escaped death.

Soon I saw the shadow of Castagnac
advancing on the outside wooden wall of
the courtyard, which was of great height.
He hoped to gain the other end and de-
scend by a staircase. Quicker than an an-
telope I reached the courtyard, and fired
the staircase and wall. He cried for mer-
cy, but he found a grave of flame.

In an entry I found my sword. I knew
he had taken it from my room to kill me.
Going to my room, I found that the door
had been forced, and my papers scattered
in all directions. This circumstance com-
pletely dissipated the sentiment of invol-
untary pity with which the terrible fate of
the villain had inspired me.—*Boston
Evening Gazette.*

THE IRON VAULT.
A MYSTERY OF THE PAST.
**Story of a San Francisco Lock-
smith.**

I am a Locksmith by trade. My calling
is a strange one, and possesses a certain
fascination, rendering one of the most ag-
reeable of pursuits. Many who follow it,
but labor—think of nothing but its returns
in gold and silver. To me it has other
charms than the money it produces. I am
called upon almost daily, to open doors and
peer into long neglected apartments; to
spring the stubborn locks of safes, and
gloat upon the treasure piled therein; to
quietly enter the apartments of the ladies
with more beauty than discretion, and pick
the locks of drawers containing peace de-
stroying missives, that the dangerous evi-
dences of wandering affection may not
reach the eye of a husband, or father, in
possession of a key; to force the fastenings
of cash-boxes, and depositories of records,
telling of men made suddenly rich, of cor-
porations plundered, of orphaned robbed,
of hopes crushed, of families ruined. Is
there no charm in all this?—no for the
speculation—no scope for the range of
pleasant fancy? Then who would not be
a locksmith, though his face be begrimed
with the soot of the forge, and his hands
are stained with rust.

But I have a story to tell—not exactly a
story, either—for a story implies the com-
pletion as well as the beginning of a nar-
rative—and mine is scarcely more than an
introduction to one. Let him who deals in
things of fancy, write the rest. In the
spring of 1856—I think it was in April—
I opened a little shop on Kearney street,
and soon worked myself into a fair busi-
ness. Late one evening a lady clo-
sely veiled, entered my shop, and pulling
down beneath a cloak a small package
requested me to open it. The lock was
curiously constructed, and I was all of
an hour in fitting it with a key. The lady
seemed nervous at the delay, and at length
requested me to shut the door. I was a
little surprised at the suggestion, but of
course complied. Shutting the door and
returning to my work, the lady withdrew
her veil, disclosing as sweet a face as can
well be imagined. There was a rest-
lessness in the eye and a pallor in the cheek,
however, which plainly told of a heart ill
at ease, and in a moment every emotion for
her had given place to that of pity.

"Perhaps you are not well, madam, and
the night air